

The Catholic Journal.

Sixteenth Year. No. 24.

Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, March 11, 1905

\$1.00 per Year, in Advance

CONSCIENCE

Or, The Trials of May Brooke.

AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC STORY

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

(Copyrighted by P. J. Kennedy & Sons.)

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER V

"What nonsense! It will do you good. You will soon learn to have an aim in life; it will drive you for comfort where only comfort can be found, and you will learn patience, forbearance and meekness, long-suffering, and charity."

"Like yourself, I presume!" said Helen, with a slight sneer.

"Oh, no! oh no, dear Helen; did I say anything like that? I did not mean it, for I am very often angered and impatient, and on the very eve of breaking out, but I don't."

"And why don't you? Do you expect to inherit the old man's gold?"

"Helen, I never think of it. I have a higher motive, I trust. My peculiar trials give me so many opportunities of learning the rudiments of Christian virtue; therefore, after the first sting is over, I feel thankful and happy."

"Help us all! I shall never attain such perfection."

"Nor do I ever expect to arrive at perfection. Oh, no! I am too imperfect; to full of infirmities and faults," said May, earnestly. "But shall I read the night prayers, or do you prefer reading them alone?"

"Oh, read them by all means; but don't begin until I get on my cloak—it is freezing cold here," said Helen, shivering.

May read the beautiful prayers and litany of our Blessed Lady with such fervor and piety that Helen was touched in spite of herself, and responded with heartfelt earnestness; and at the De Profundis, she thought of her dead father, and wept bitterly.

"I am very, very sad, May," said Helen, when May kissed her good-night.

"To-morrow, dear Helen, we will seek a heavenly physician; He who comes to the lowly and repentant, and dispenses healing and divine gifts from his throne—the altar!" whispered May.

Helen sighed deeply, but made no reply.

CHAPTER VI

The great bell of the cathedral was just tolling the Angelus, when May, laying her hand softly on Helen, awoke her.

"Rise, dear Helen; it is six o'clock."

"It is not daylight yet, and I shan't rise, I assure you," she said, in a fretful tone.

"Yes you will, I am sure. Uncle Stillinghast will be quite displeased if you do not. He said yesterday morning that you should rise when I do, and lo! you have slept an hour later. Come! it is hard I know to get up in the cold, but you'll soon become accustomed to it."

"I declare, May, you are as bad as your uncle. Heavens! what a pair to live with. One as exacting as a Jew, the other obedient as a saint, and obstinate as a mule! I never was so persecuted in my life!" exclaimed Helen, rising very unwillingly.

"That is right," said May, laughing. "The brisk now, for there is a great deal to do."

"What is it, May? Are you going to build a house before breakfast?"

"Come and see, and I promise you a nice time. The fire is already made in the kitchen-stove. Hurry down, I want you to grind the coffee."

"Grind the coffee! What is that?" asked Helen, with amazement.

"I will show you. Really, I would not ask you, only I have rolls to make."

"Coffee to grind, and rolls to bake, for that horrid old man—"

"And ourselves. I tell you what, Helen, he could get on vastly well without us, but how we should manage without him I cannot tell," said May, gravely, for when occasion offered, she could so inflate and expand her little form with dignity, and throw such a truthful penetrating light into her splendid eyes, that it was quite terrifying.

"Go on, then; I shall follow you in a few moments. I have some prayers to say." Helen's prayers were soon over. Religion was no vital principle in her mind. It is true she held the germs of faith in her soul, but they were like those bulbs and grains which are so often found on

the breast of mummies—which unless exhumed, and exposed to sunlight and air, never develop their latent life. So with her; swathed, and wrapped, and crusted over with evil associations, artificial feelings, and the maxims of the world, the germs were hidden—until the angel of repentance should reveal to her the pearl she held, and lead her beyond the vestibule of faith. She had looked no farther; poor Helen; to the splendors, the consolations, and rapture beyond, she was a stranger. It is not remarkable, then, that when she encountered the stern changes and trials of life, the burden galled and fretted her.

"How are you, ma'am; you are very welcome!" laughed May, when Helen came down; "come near the fire, and while you warm yourself, take this coffee-mill on your knees—turn the handle so, until all the grains disappear, then begin the second stage."

"The what?" asked Helen, tugging at the handle, which she turned with difficulty. Her hands unaccustomed to work of any kind, held it awkwardly; while May, with her hands in the dough, which she worked vigorously, laughed outright at her fruitless efforts.

"It's no use, May," at last she broke out, "I can't do it; and I've a mind to throw the thing out of the window and run away."

"Where, dear Helen?"

"I don't know. I will hire out as lady's-maid, companion, governess—anything is preferable to this sort of life!" she exclaimed, flushing up.

"You would find greater difficulties than a harmless coffee-mill to contend with, I imagine!" said May, quietly, while she shaped her rolls, and placed them in a pan.

"What shall I do?" cried Helen, in a tone of despair, after another fruitless effort.

"Grind the coffee. Come, you are quite strong enough; put it on the table, here—steady it with one hand, and turn with the other—so; now it goes," said May, pleasantly.

"How ridiculous! what now?" said Helen, laughing.

"The second stage!" replied May, looking mysterious; "pull out that little drawer, and empty the powder you will find in it into the coffee-pot which I have just scalded—that is it; now pour on a little cold water; put in this fish-bone; fill up with boiling water—there, that is enough. Now comes third, and last stage. Set the pot on the stove, and watch it; when it boils up the third time, throw in a small cup full of cold water, and take it off to settle. It is ready then for immediate use."

"Gracious! what an indefatigable, old-fashioned little thing you are, May," said Helen, obeying her directions, and, after all, rather enjoying the novelty of the thing, than otherwise. May's cheerful face flitting about; the bright sunshine gushing in; the warmth of the room, and the feeling that she had really done something useful, inspired her with a healthful sentiment of enjoyment which she had never experienced before. Breakfast was ready; the rolls were light, and nicely browned; the coffee was clear and fragrant, and the idea of a good breakfast was no mean consideration with Helen.

"My uncle has not yet returned from market, and we can run in and arrange the sitting-room," said May. And they fitted round, dusting, brushing, and polishing up, until they were both as merry as crickets. The morning paper was opened, and spread on the back of a chair to air; the cushioned arm-chair was wheeled into its accustomed corner; and, just as every thing was complete in their arrangements, Mr. Stillinghast came in. Helen was in the hall when he came in with a well-filled basket on his arm.

"Shall I help to draw off your coat, sir?" she asked, timidly.

He looked up a moment, and she seemed such a vision of loveliness that his cold, dull eye, opened and brightened with astonishment. It was the first time he had really looked at her. A low, chuckling laugh, burst from his lips, which Helen thought frightful, and he handed her the basket, saying, "I can do it myself; take this to the kitchen." She dared not excuse herself, but holding it with both hands, and feeling as if her wrists were breaking, she passed through the sitting-room with such a doleful countenance, while a red angry spot burned on her forehead, that May could not forbear laughing even while she went to assist her.

[To be continued.]

Men and Women

Read our great offer on another page.

FABIOLA

Or The Church of the Catacombs.

By His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman.

(Published by Special Request.)

Part Second.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE REVIVAL

We will not attempt to lead our reader into the feelings of Sebastian. To have yearned after martyrdom, to have prayed for it, to have suffered all its pangs, to have died in it as far as human consciousness went, to have lost sight of this world, and now to awaken in it again, no martyr, but an ordinary way-faring man on probation, who might yet lose salvation,—was surely a greater trial than martyrdom itself. It was to be like a man who, in the midst of a stormy night, should try to cross an angry river, or tempestuous arm of the sea, and, after struggling for hours, and having his skill twirled round and round and all but upset, should find himself reloaded on the same side as he started from. Or, it was like St. Paul sent back to earth and to Satan's buffets, after having heard the mysterious words which only one Intelligence can utter. Yet no murmur escaped him, no regret. He adored in silence the Divine Will, hoping that its purpose was only to give him the merit of a double martyrdom. For this second crown he so earnestly longed, that he rejected every proposal for flight and concealment.

"I have now," he generously said, "earned one privilege of a martyr, that of speaking boldly to the persecutors. This I will use the first day that I can leave my bed. Nurse me, therefore, well, that it may be the sooner."

CHAPTER XXVII

THE SECOND CROWN

The memorable plot which the black slave betrayed to Corvinus, was one to which allusion has already been made, in the conversation between Fulvius and his guardian. He was convinced from the blind martyr's unsuspecting admissions that Agnes was a Christian, and he believed he had now two strings to his bow; either he could terrify her into marriage with himself, or he could destroy her, and obtain a good share of her wealth, by confiscation. He was nerved for the second alternative by the taunts and exhortations of Euerotas; but, despairing of obtaining another interview, he wrote her a respectful, but pressing letter, descriptive of his disinterested attachment to her, and entreating her to accept his suit. There was but the faintest hint at the end, that duty might compel him to take another course, if humble petition did not prevail.

To this application he received a calm, well-bred, but unmistakable refusal; a stern, final, and hopeless rejection. But more, the letter stated in clear terms, that the writer was already espoused to the spotless Lamb, and could admit from no perishable being expressions of personal attachment. This rebuff steeled his heart against pity; but he determined to act prudently.

In the meantime, Fabiola, seeing the determination of Sebastian not to fly, conceived the romantic idea of saving him, in spite of himself, by extorting his pardon from the emperor. She did not know the depths of wickedness in man's heart. She thought the tyrant might fume for a moment, but that he would never condemn a man twice to death. Some pity and mercy, she thought, must linger in his breast; and her earnest pleading and tears would extract them, as heat does the hidden balsam from the hard wood. She accordingly sent a petition for an audience; and knowing the covetousness of the man, presumed, as she said, to offer him a slight token of her own and her late father's loyal attachment. This was a ring with jewels of rare beauty, and immense value. The present was accepted; but she was merely to attend with her memorial at the Palatine on the 20th in common with other petitioners, and wait for the emperor's descent by the great staircase, on his way to sacrifice. Unencouraging as was this answer, she resolved to risk anything and do her best.

The appointed day came; and Fabiola, in her mourning habits, worn both as a suppliant, and for her father's death, took her stand in a row of

far more wretched creatures than herself, mothers, children, sisters, who held petitions for mercy, for those dearest to them, now in dungeons or mines. She felt the little hope she had entertained die within her at the sight of so much wretchedness, too much for it all to expect favour. But fainter grew its last spark, at every step that the tyrant took down the marble stairs, though she saw her brilliant ring sparkling on his coarse hand. For on each step he snatched a paper from some sorrowful suppliant, looked at it scornfully, and either tore it up, or dashed it on the ground. Only here and there, he handed one to his secretary, a man scarcely less imperious than himself.

It was now nearly Fabiola's turn; the emperor was only two steps above her, and her heart beat violently not from fear of man, but from anxiety about Sebastian's fate. She would have prayed, had she known how, or to whom. Maximian was stretching out his hand to take a paper offered to him, when he drew back, and turned round, on hearing his name most unceremoniously and peremptorily called out. Fabiola looked up too; for she knew the voice.

Opposite to her, high in the white marble wall, she had observed an open window, corniced in yellow marble, which gave light to a back corridor leading to where Irene's apartments were. She now looked up, guided by the voice, and in the dark panel of the window, a beautiful but awful picture was seen. It was Sebastian, wan and thin, who, with features almost etherealised, calm and stern, as if no longer capable of passion, or strong emotion, stood there before them; his lacerated breast and arms appearing amidst the loose drapery he had thrown around him. For he had heard the familiar trumpet-notes, which told him of the emperor's approach, and he had risen, and crept thus far, to greet him.

"Maximian!" he cried out, in a hollow, but distinct voice.

"Who art thou, sirrah! that makest so free with thine emperor's name?" asked the tyrant, turning upon him.

"I am come as from the dead, to warn thee that the day of wrath and vengeance is fast approaching. Thou hast spilt the blood of God's Saints upon the pavement of this city; thou hast cast their holy bodies into the river, or flung them away upon the dunghills at the gates. Thou hast pulled down God's temples, and profaned His altars, and rifled the inheritance of His poor. For thee, and thine own foul crimes and lewdnesses, thine injustices and oppressions, thy covetousness and thy pride, God hath judged thee, and His wrath shall soon overtake thee; and thou shalt die the death of the violent; and God will give His Church an emperor after His own heart. And thy memory shall be accursed through the whole world till the end of time. Repent thee, while thou hast time, impious man; and ask forgiveness of God, in the name of Him the Crucified, whom thou hast persecuted till now."

Deep silence was held while these words were fully uttered. The emperor seemed under the influence of a paralysing awe; for soon recognising Sebastian, he felt as if standing in the presence of the dead. But quickly recovering himself and his passion, he exclaimed: "Ho! some of you, go round instantly and bring him before me" (he did not like to pronounce his name). "Hyphax here! Where is Hyphax? I saw him just now."

But the Moor had at once recognised Sebastian, and run off to his quarters. "Ha! he is gone, I see; then here, you dolt, what's your name?" (addressing Corvinus, who was attending his father), "go to the Numidian court, and summon Hyphax here directly."

With a heavy heart Corvinus went on his errand. Hyphax had told his tale, and put him in order of defence. Only one entrance at the end of the court was left open; and when the messenger had reached it, he durst not advance. Fifty men stood along each side of the space, with Hyphax and Jubala at the opposite end. Silent and immovable, with their dark chests and arms bare, each with his arrow fixed, and pointed to the door, and the string ready drawn, they looked like an avenue of basalt statues leading to an Egyptian temple.

"Hyphax," said Corvinus, in a tremulous voice, "the emperor sends for you."

"Tell his majesty respectfully from me," replied the African, "that my men have sworn, that no man passes

that threshold, coming in, or going out, without receiving, through his breast or his back, a hundred shafts into his heart; until the emperor shall have sent us a token of forgiveness for every offence."

To be continued.

Five Minute Sermon

Jesus Is Tempted By The Devil.

By His fast Christ sanctified our fasts, mortifications, and abstinences when we practice them in a true spirit of penance. His example renders easy for us those sufferings by which we conquer the rebellion of the flesh. By His fast He instituted and blessed that fast of forty days which the Church has always observed as an apostolic tradition.

Satan, taking occasion of Christ's hunger, tempted Him to change stones into bread. Christ answered that man lives not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God. This answer teaches us to put our confidence in God in all our necessities. He will provide for all our wants. How many anxieties and sins we would avoid if in our troubles we would put our confidence in God! Let us, then, live the life of the just; let us abandon ourselves without reserve to the mercy of our heavenly Father, and remember that a just man has never been forsaken by God.

We should learn to love and practise mortification and penance, and not lose courage when strongly tempted. We should repel the suggestions of the devil with the maxims and precepts of the Gospel, and look to God for the reward of having suffered and endured for His glory.

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday March 12—Gospel, St. Matt. 17, 1-12—St. Gregory the Great, pope, confessor and doctor.
Monday 13—St. Gerald, bishop.
Tuesday 14—St. Mathilda, queen.
Wednesday 15—St. Zachary, pope. Fast.
Thursday 16—St. Julian, martyr.
Friday 17—St. Patrick, apostle of Ireland.
Saturday 18—St. Gabriel, archangel. Fast.

Forty Hours.

The devotion of the "Forty Hours" will be held in the churches of the diocese of Rochester as follows:
March 12—First Sunday in Lent. Holy Family, Auburn; Scottsville; Mumfords.

Excursions to New York.

The West Shore R. R. announce that arrangements have been made for an excursion to New York on Saturday, April 8th, at rate of \$8.00 from Rochester; tickets good returning on or before the following Thursday. The New York Central has arranged for an excursion to the same place on Saturday, April 22nd, at rate of \$8.70 for tickets good returning on or before April 27th, the following Thursday.

Loyalty.

"Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth." My King and my Leader, put in my heart so strong a love of you that I may be eager to follow you everywhere, even to pain and shame. Let the reproach that was hung at Peter be my glory. Let my highest ambition here, let my happiness hereafter, be, "Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth."—Mother M. Loyola.

Give Others Pleasure.

Let us sometimes live—be it only for an hour and though we must lay all else aside—to make others smile. The sacrifice is only in appearance. No one finds more pleasure for himself than he who knows how, without ostentation, to give himself that he may procure for those around him a moment of forgetfulness and happiness.

Madagascar Missionaries.

About fifty years ago the first Catholic missionaries entered Madagascar. The Central Mission alone gives an annual harvest of about 16,000 baptisms, 200,000 communions and 1,000 Christian marriages. There are about 2,000 catechists, and each priest has nearly fifty missions to attend. These missions are supported by our association; but there, as in all other missionary countries, the life of the priest is one of daily crucifixion.

Very low colonist rates to the Pacific Coast via the Nickel Plate Road. \$42.50 Buffalo to principal California and North Pacific Coast points. Also very low rates to many other points in Oregon, Washington, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho and Utah. On sale every day to May 15th. Special one-way Settlers' rates to many points in Minnesota, North and South Dakota and Manitoba on sale each Tuesday during March and April. For full information write R. E. Payne, general agent, 321 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Don't Forget the Orphan. On Friday evening, March 11th, the following balls, Cathedral, Conception, Colonial, and Joseph's, concerts will be given for the benefit of the orphans.

RULES FOR LENT

The following are the rules for the holy season of Lent which will be observed in all the churches of the diocese on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, except on the Sunday of Ember week, and the Sunday of Holy Week.

All the days of Lent are days of abstinence from flesh meat. By dispensation, however, the use of flesh meat is allowed without restriction on Sundays, and once a day on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, except on the Sunday of Ember week, and the Sunday of Holy Week.

The use of eggs, butter and cheese at the collation, provided the quantity prescribed by the fast be complied with, is by general custom tolerated in this country. Lard and dripping may be used in preparing fish, vegetables, etc. The following persons are exempt from the obligation of fasting: Young persons under twenty years of age, the aged, the sick, nursing women, those who are obliged to do hard labor, and all who through weakness cannot fast, without prejudice to their health. Persons dispensed from the obligation of fasting on account of tender or advanced age, or hard labor, are not bound by the restrictions of using meat only at one meal on days on which its use is granted by dispensation.

In churches where there is a resident pastor, there will be a solemn and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament on every Wednesday evening, and the devotion of the stations of the Holy Cross on Fridays. Pastors in charge of two or more churches, will give one sermon during the week in at least two churches. Prayer and the spirit of penance should accompany penitential works; therefore, to excite these in parishioners, to observe this holy season according to the intention of the church, and place every facility in their way for receiving the sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist.

The collection on the Feast of Epiphany, or on the Sunday within the Octave, is for the Eastern Schools. The collection for the Propagation of the Faith will be taken up in every church of the diocese which there is Mass, on the first Sunday of Lent, and in all other churches on the first Sunday thereafter on which there is Mass. The collection on Good Friday is for the Holy Land.

The annual collection of Penance will be taken up in all the churches of the diocese in which there is Mass, on Pentecost Sunday, June 11th, and in other churches on the first Sunday thereafter on which there is Mass. The amounts received will be forwarded to the chancellor within a week. Commending these good works to your zeal, and hoping that the charity of our faithful people will bring increased blessings on the diocese, remain,

Very sincerely in Christ,

BERNARD

Bishop of Rochester

Read this if you are going west. Now is an excellent time to take a trip to the West, Southwest or Northwest and for the benefit of those wishing to go to that part of the country to look for farm lands, business locations, or for pleasure, the Nickel Plate Road has arranged a self round trip Homeseekers' ticket at extremely low rates on March 7th and 21st and April 4th and 18th, and will sell one-way Settlers' tickets to many points in North and South Dakota, Minnesota and Manitoba each Tuesday during March and April. Also special one-way Colonist tickets to principal California and North Pacific Coast points at rates of \$42.50 from Buffalo and at very low rates to many other points in Oregon, Washington, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho and Utah on sale every day to May 15th. Full information on application to R. E. Payne, 321 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.